I wil not ruinate my fathers houſe,
Who gaue his bloud to lime the ſtones together:
And ſet vp *Lancaſter*. Thinkeſt thou
That *Clarence* is ſo harſh vnnaturall,
To lift his ſword againſt his brothers life?
And ſo proud hearted *Warwicke* I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my bluſhing cheekes:
Pardon me *Edward*, for I haue done amiſſe,
And *Richard*, do not frowne vpon me,
For hence forth I will proue no more vnconſtant.
Ed. Welcome *Clarence*, and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadſt deſerued our hate.
Glo. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is brotherly.
War. Oh paſsing traitour, periurde, and vniuſt.
Ed. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou leaue the Towne & fight?
Or ſhall we beate the ſtones about thine eares?
War. Why, I am not coopt vp heere for defence,
I will away to *Barnet* preſently,
And bid thee battaile *Edward*, if thou dareſt.
Ed. Yes *Warwicke*, he dares, and leades the way,
Lords to the field, ſaint *George* and victorie.

Exeunt Omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter Warwicke, wounded.

War. Ah who is nie? Come to me friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, *Yorke*, or *VVarwicke*?
Why aske I that? my mangled bodie ſhewes,
That I muſt yeeld my bodie to the earth,
And by my fall the conqueſt to my foes:
Thus yeeldes the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whoſe armes gaue ſhelter to the princely Eagle,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the ramping Lion ſlept,
Whoſe top braunch ouerpeer'd *Ioues* ſpreading tree:
The wrinckles in my browes, now fild with bloud,
Were likened oft to Kingly ſepulchers,
For who liu'd King but I could dig his graue?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwicke* bent his brow?

Lo

Loe now my glorie ſmeerd
My parkes, my walkes, my
Euen now forſake me, and
Is nothing left me, but my

Enter Oxford, a

Ox. Ah *Warwicke*, *VVarw*
For yet there is hope enoug
Our warlike *Queene* with t
And at *South-hampton* lande
And mighteſt thou liue, th
VVar. Why, then I wo
But *Hercules* himſelfe muſt
For many woundes receiu'
Hath robd my ſtrong knit
And ſpite of ſpites needes
Som. Thy brother *Mon*
And at the pangs of death
And ſaie, commend me to
And more he would haue
Which founded like a clar
That could not bediſtingu
And ſo the valiant *Montag*
VVar. What is pompe,
And liue we how we can, y
Sweet reſt his ſoule, flie Lo
For *VVarwicke* bids you al

Oxf. Come noble *Summ*
And cauſe retraite be ſoun
That all our friendes that
May be awarn'd, and ſaue
That done, with them wee
And once more trie our fo

Enter Edward, Clarenc
Ed. Thus ſtill our fortu
And girts our temples Wi